Prince. How shall we part with them in setting forth?

Po. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail, & then will they venture upon the exploit themselves, which they shall have no sooner atchieved, but weele set upon them.

Prin. Yea, but tis like that they will know us by our horses, by our habits, & by every other appointment, to be our selves.

Po. Tut, our horses they shall not see, Ile tie them in the wood, our vizards we will change, after we leave them: and sirra, I have cases of buckorum for the nonce, to immask our noted outward garments.

Prince. Yea, but I doubt they will be too hard for us.

Po. Well, for two of them I know to be as true bred cowards as ever turned back: and for the third, if he fight longer then he sees reason, Ile forswear arms. The vertue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this fat rogue will tell us when we meet at supper, how thirty at least he fought with, what wards, what blows, what extremities he indured, and in the reproof of these lies the jest.

Prin. Well, Ile go with thee, provide us all things necessary, and meet me to morrow night in Eastcheap, there Ile sup: farewell.

Poy. Farewell my Lord. *Exit Poynes.*

Prin. I know you all, and will a while uphold
The unyok't humour of your idlenesse:
Yet herein will I imitate the sunne,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wondred at
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours that did seem to strangle him.
If all the yeer were playing holy dayes,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they seldome come, they wisht for, come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents:
So when this loose behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promised,

By how much better then my word I am,
By so much shall I falsifie mens hopes,
And like bright metall on a sullen ground,
My reformation glittering o're my fault,
Shall shew more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Then that which hath no soyl to set it off.
Ile so offend, to make offence a skill,
Redeeming time, when men think least I will. *Exit.*

Enter the King, Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspur, Sir Walter Blunt, with others.

King. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to stirre at these indignities,
And you have found me; for accordingly,
You tread upon my patience: but be sure
I will from henceforth rather be my self,
Mighty, and to be fear'd, then my condition
Which hath been smooth as oyl, soft as yong down,
And therefore lost that title of respect,
Which the proud soul ne're payes but to the proud.

Wor. Our house (my Soveraigne Liege) little deserves
The scourge of greatnesse to be used on it,
And that same greatnesse too, which our own hands
Have hope to make so portly. *Nor.* My Lord.

King. Worcester, get thee gone, for I do see
Danger and disobedience in thine eye:
O sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,
And majesty might never yet endure
The moody frontier of a servants brow,
You have good leave to leave us: when we need
Your use and counsell, we shall send for you. *Exit Wor.*
You were about to speak.

Nor. Yea my good Lord.
Those prisoners in your highnesse name demanded,
Which *Harry Percy* here at *Holmsdon* took,
Were, as he sayes, not with such strength denide,
As he delivered to your Majesty.
Either envy therefore, or misprision
Is guilty of this fault, and not my sonne.

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